

The over-tensioned lyric bow.
 By day, one light alone we know ;
 But when the lingering daylight dies,
 A million swarm the widened skies.
 In song, we know those thoughts alone
 Which lightly into sound were thrown ;
 Thy deeper dreams were still unheard,—
 Eluded still the futile word ;
 But on thy silent lips I found
 The songs that never turned to sound,—
 The pathless wilderness of thought,
 Whose bourne mere language never sought.

At last I know what light illumed
 Thy musing eyes, whilst thou replumed
 The ruffled wings of melody,—
 Those ruffled wings that wearily
 Drooped down along our lower world,
 Where they a resting-time were furled.
 Through azurn alien ways once more
 To heights ethereal they soar,
 Until 'gainst heaven's very gates
 Their sweet persistent flutter freights
 The happy air with harmonies
 That star-like wander through the skies ;
 While we who look, yet never leave
 Our worldly ways, like thee, to cleave
 The astral bars that hold us down,—
 We gaze to where those wings have flown ;
 And, looking wistfully, we see
 The listening gods, half mournfully,
 Bar out the bird—but, after all,
 Songs' wings still lightly leap the wall !